Volume LXI CHICAGO, AUGUST 20, 1908 Number 25

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

## The Mountain

Each builds his world forever, dark or bright,
And sits within his separate universe.
The shepherd sees in this green mountain top
Place where his sheep may wander and grow fat.
What to the drover is this lilied pool?
A hollow for his swine to wallow in.
Gold-hunters find upon this rocky peak
Nothing but ledges for their ringing picks.
But to the poet all this soaring height
Smokes with the footsteps of the passing God!

—*Edwin Markham.*

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1908 NUMBER 25

**Not one holy day, but seven;**
**Worshipping, not at the call of a bell, but at the call of my soul;**
**Singing, not at the baton's sway, but to the rhythm in my heart;**
**Loving because I must;**
**Giving because I cannot keep;**
**Doing for the joy of it.**

—*Muriel Strode.*

---

The "All Souls Universalist Church" of Watertown, New York, was recently dedicated, out of debt, through the generosity of two friends, "who belonged to another denomination." Surely the least significant part of the title of this church is the word "Universalist." Why not cancel it, brother, and thus more adequately realize the universality of your creed and the hospitality of your name?

---

*Charities,* in a forceful editorial, seconds the suggestion of *Colliers' Weekly* to organize a commission to study the saloon question, suggesting further that the president and secretary of the United States Brewers' Association should be members of such a commission. Surely the better elements among the saloon forces ought to be heard and encouraged in such a discussion. If a saloon can be made a decent, innocent place of meeting where the requirements of refinement, morality and health are not violated, let all parties rejoice, and let all those who believe such a thing possible be encouraged in their endeavors, for through their failures will they find light.

---

Rev. Lyman P. Powell gives an account in the *Congregationalist* of his experience in what he calls the "Emmanuel Work." This is a very inadequate name for what might be called psychic clinics, which Mr. Powell describes as

"preaching to a congregation of one with special needs to satisfy at that suggestible moment which the relaxed body and the quiet mind invariably bring. It is the confessional with all of its allurements to frank speaking on both sides without the mechanism or ecclesiasticism of the confessional."

If human nature were not so gullible and our times not so enamored of sensation and if it were not so hard for ministers as well as other people to preserve their "sweet reasonableness," such clinics might and would carry immeasurable blessings to multitudes of patients, ailing in body and mind and needing help.

---

The *Universalist Leader* glorifies a noble passage from Washington Gladden's last book, "The Church and Modern Life," by giving it the illumination of its first page. We want to thank both the *Leader* and Mr. Gladden for this emphasis on the need of the simplification of life. It is "the heart of the whole problem." Surely the "tides of materialism" can not be turned back until the life of the nation runs in simpler, which in every case means saner, channels. Questions of wardrobe, of diet, and of amusements may seem too petty to be considered national issues, but the foolish boot-heel, the senseless hat, the be-flounced dress, and the mad enthusiasm of the athletic field, perhaps represent the most serious menace, not only to our national prosperity, but, what is far more important, to our national integrity.

---

A few weeks ago we called the attention of our readers to the sad death of Jean Reveille, one of the leading liberal preachers and progressive thinkers of France. His presence at the international council held in Boston last fall was a joy and an inspiration to many. And now it is Otto Pfleiderer, the great liberal teacher of Berlin, who has slipped away from our mortal grasp and vision. At Boston he was the grand "Old Man Eloquent." In stately and convincing periods his address at Saunders' Theater traced the slow but sure growth of Christianity into universal religion. His message represented the vital seed of the faith that is to become universal when the temples of religion shall not only recognize but emphasize the truth enforced by science and practiced by art and commerce, viz., the common life of man, the universal brotherhood that binds the race in one.

---

The hopeless attempt to advance an ethical problem in politics and at the same time preserve political lines, has been signally demonstrated by the recent experience in Chicago. The better elements in both the Republican and Democratic parties tried to nominate a "law-and-order" candidate for state's attorney, one who would conscientiously try to enforce the existing statutes, but the liquor and lawless elements in both parties succeeded in presenting most undesirable candidates, leaving the honest voter in both parties with no choice but to vote for an unsavory candidate in the most important of offices, or to bolt. There are not good Democrats or good Republicans enough in Chicago to defeat the more vicious elements in the parties, but there are good men enough in Chicago to beat the bad men if the line could only be run across the party barriers.

We have already called attention to Miss Elizabeth Beardsley Butler's shocking revealments of women's work in the stogy industry in Pittsburg as published in a recent number of *Charities*. We now must call attention to the second article, published in the same magazine for August first, from the same pen, concerning the laundry workers in Pittsburg. How the devil of selfishness and inconsiderateness, the thoughtless cruelty of man, clings to the clothes which are supposed to be the most distinctive mark of civilization. Much of the iniquity of modern industry is related to the clothes we wear. Child and woman labor and the sweat-shop indignities have been often exploited, and only the calloused or the indifferent are unmindful of these dangers, but here come the cruelties of the laundry. The wearers of white dresses, be-frilled and be-flounced, can not always wear the complacent smile and exonerate themselves by the fact that they have paid their laundry bill and have given work to the idle. Alas, they have given work! Perhaps if these easy champions of cleanliness had to do up their own dresses once in a while, they might begin to study the moralities of the laundry, the religion of the wash tub, and they would find out that all cleanliness is not necessarily next to godliness.

---

Illinois has had its first primary election under the new law. Everything that the "boss" and all the other men who are actuated by low and selfish motives in their political action could do to break down the law or to bring it into disrepute was done. Spite of all this effort the election and the campaign preceding it were exceedingly instructive and profitable. Doubtless there will be desperate efforts to break the law in the courts and in the public estimation. There will be persistent efforts to repeal or to "amend" to its destruction at the next legislature, but we venture to predict that the enemies of high and free balloting, the corner-stone of republican government, have done their worst in Illinois, and when amendments come, it will be for the betterment. The most obvious defects of the existing primary law in Illinois have been its assumption that parties in politics were fixed and permanent entities, and the attendant injustice to the independent voter, who is absolutely ruled out of the primary. There can be no real primary in America in view of the growing independency of the voter until every voter is offered at the booth on one ballot all the candidates in all the parties, or by some other device, a voting machine, for instance, he is permitted to pick his candidates from whichever list he chooses, only so he does not duplicate his votes. To further expedite this efficiency there must come a great reduction of elective offices. This can be done with great advantage both to the public and the officer as soon as a civil service standard is established, and "Patronage," the devil of American politics, is absolutely abolished. Not until the primary meeting becomes an informal ballot, with as few restrictions as possible, will the requirements of republicanism be met. Let Illinois go forward.

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### "Mr. Crewe's Career"

It is impossible to read Mr. Winston Churchill's last book without either forgetting at times that it is fiction or finding oneself inevitably substituting real names for those in the book, for who has not known the Gaylords, father and son, the Honorable Brush Bascom, Mrs. Pomfret, Mrs. Fitch and the baby and all the rest of them? To the man in Chicago it is a cross-section of the recent primary meeting campaign, while the man in New York, New Jersey or Pennsylvania will have no trouble in supplying a new set of names.

Mr. Churchill has not only made a noble contribution to current literature, but a most timely and noble contribution to current politics. Compared with the gruesome revealments of Sinclair's "Jungle," the revelations of this book are far more scandalous, representing a much more profound menace to the State and a more hopeless problem to the statesman. A vigorous application of hot water and gold-dust, a few carloads of paint, and the prompt employment of a force of plumbers removed a large part of the horrors described in the "Jungle," and a comparatively few men are in the position and, we believe, have the disposition to push still further the sanitation of Packingtown.

But where shall we begin to clear out the Augean stable of American politics, to remove the barnacles, to rebuke the blatherskytes, to break down the power of the "boss" and eliminate the horrible iniquities that mask under the apparently innocent phrase of party patronage? Much has been done in the way of civil service reform, but there is much more yet to be done. The great benignant postal service of the United States is one great graft mill. Every employee, from the postmaster of Chicago or New York down to the driver of a rural delivery cart in Wisconsin, holds his office as a party trust handed to him by virtue of services rendered or favors expected. The same is true of a vast army of state appointees which even reform governors unblushingly install from party considerations and with party expectations.

Mr. Churchill's book deserves high commendation as a work of art, but it is so good a tract for the time, so timely a contribution to current politics, that, for a time, at least, the literary estimate of it will be held in suspension because its practical bearing is so pertinent. The politicians will not like it because it twits on facts too effectively. The gullible, innocent voter will distrust it because of the fear that it is overdrawn. The coming historian will deem it of inestimable value because it is such a truthful representation of current politics in the United States in the first decade of the twentieth century. Let the partisan politician read it and blush in shame. Let the patriot read it and take it seriously to heart. Let the lawyer, the preacher, the

editor, the teacher, read it, that they may more clearly see the next thing to do. The presidential central committee that would devote seventy-five per cent of their campaign fund to distributing free a campaign edition of "Mr. Crewe's Career" and then commit the administration in good faith to remedy the abuses therein described, might rest assured that their candidates would be elected with overwhelming majority.

UNITY most earnestly commends "Mr. Crewe's Career" to the prayerful attention of Messieurs Taft and Bryan and their colleagues.

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### Going Through the Golden Gate

The following description from the San Francisco *Call* of the departure of "The Fleet" is amusing, instructive and ominous. What perfection has science reached in the art of navigation, but on what slender threads does the fate of navies hang! Surely if the United States' safety depends upon the happy manning of these battle fleets things might easily go wrong with it:

On the occasion of the departure last Tuesday of the Atlantic fleet the officers in charge of the battleships gave an exhibition of seamanship that aroused the admiration of the sole civilian witnesses, the men on the pilot boats, and which would have satisfied even Captain Bolles that handling sixteen big ships as one is something of a feat after all. The fleet left its anchorage with a pilot on each of the four flagships. These pilots were to be dropped after the bar had been crossed, and three pilot schooners were waiting outside to receive them.

Outside the heads the fleet ran into a fog bank. The fog was so thick that vision was limited to less than the length of a battleship.

At a cough of the "Connecticut's" siren every ship in the three mile line slackened speed. A sneeze from the flagship brought the ships to a standstill. Meanwhile the pilot schooners were winging their way in and out among the big ships in search of the ones that carried pilots. While the pilot boats searched, the battleships coughed and sneezed and howled and shrieked. As Pilot Castle went over the side of the "Connecticut" the flagships said to the rest of the fleet, in siren language: "I've shed my pilot, and when you other bullies have done the same we'll resume that cruise."

The "Louisiana" snorted out the information that Pilot Christiansen had been safely dropped into the "Lady Mine's" dingy. With a groan of relief the "Georgia" announced that Pilot Anderson was on his way. Then came a toot, toot from the "Wisconsin" as Pilot Johnson took his departure, and Admiral Sperry knew that all the pilots had been safely discharged.

The "Connecticut's" siren then said: "Meow-wow-wow-hee-haw-hee-haw!"

This meant, "Follow the leader at a 10 knot gait," and also told the direction that the 15 ships were to steer.

"Bet they're all muddled up," remarked one of the pilots to a shipmate. From where they stood in the "America's" cockpit they could just distinguish the outline of the "Connecticut." One by one the ships went by. The men on the pilot boat could see only one battleship at a time, but as they watched they realized that, while waiting in the fog, each ship had held its position in the long line, and that when the fleet made that new start in the fog bank the formation was perfect as during the passage down the sunlit bay. And, as one pilot said:

"They done it all with their sirens."

"And their heads," volunteered another.

---

All advancement is by ideas, and not by brute force or mechanic force. * * * The largest thought and the widest love are born to victory, and must prevail. * * * In the thought of tomorrow, there is power to upheave all thy creed, all the creeds, all the literature of the nations, and marshall thee to a heaven which no epic dream has yet depicted.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## THE PULPIT

### The Cry of the Children

SERMON PREACHED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, MAY 17, 1908.

*Whomsoever shall offend one of these little ones . . . it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea.—Mark ix:42.*

"Whatever you do, do not go about preaching the gospel of discontent. If you meet a man who has lost his thumb, don't tell him "Poor fellow!" and describe his loss to him, but show him what he can do with the thumb that is left."

This is part of a homily which a sagacious, self-reliant, self-directing, prosperous business man gave to me the other day as we journeyed together in a parlor car on the Pioneer Limited between Milwaukee and Chicago. My companion described his stalwart Puritan ancestry and his own rugged bringing up in New England, and traced his steps to success along self-made or self-chosen paths, and he had little patience with the bewildered and to him unnecessarily inefficient children of a more complex society who, in their distress, cry aloud for outside help, whereas he and his kind whistled up the courage necessary from the inside.

Certain prosperous representatives of Chicago commerce, who through a happy combination of inheritance, training, and opportunity have won out and carry lightly and worthily the responsibilities of wealth and the leadership that goes with the same, at a recent Sunday night meeting deplored what was characterized as the "fault-finding attitude" of the ministry, a disposition on the part of the ministers of religion to condemn wealth or at least to call the representatives of the same to an accounting, as having in it a mischief-making element, a menace to prosperity, if not to the peace and power of the state.

Not long since, actuated by a similar line of reasoning, the chief of police of Chicago ordered that certain stereopticon slides, setting forth the extremes of society, putting side by side the opulence and extravagance of wealth and the pinch of poverty, should not be thrown on the screen in a Chicago street-show, because it would have a tendency to increase the discontent of our times and add to the unrest of our community.

The sequel shows that if the decision of the chief was not cowardly it was foolish, for it not only underestimated the sanity of the public, the vitality of a democracy which thrives on free speech and grows by discussion and study, but the proscription pitiably missed its aim. He could not in any other way have so successfully promoted the publicity which he tried to suppress. The street-show at best would have reached but a few thousand, but the publicity which the chief of police secured for the pictures reached within the next twenty-four hours as many millions.

The contention upon which my sermon is founded is that civic safety as well as individual growth comes only through a fearless acquaintance with the facts of life, all the facts of life. Life and progress have nothing to fear from truth. The sun is a relentless investigator; the camera tells no lies. The slippered poodle dog, wheezy and rheumatic from over-feeding, draped in his silken cloak, and the pale, half-starved child of the slums whose ribs can be counted in their distinctness like the teeth in a garden rake, are both

discovered by the unflinching, unblushing, honorable rays of the great light of day, and its report of what it discovers is vouched for, authenticated, by the planetary system, of which the sun is the center, and the exhibition of the prohibited pictures of both dog and child is wholesome.

Justice is not afraid of facts; the goddess typifying the same was blindfolded by classic art, not because she was afraid to see everything, but because she was determined to hear, with undistracted mind, everything; she had an open ear for all the witnesses and listened to all the evidence without the bias of class, position, or favoritism which the wayward eye might discover.

There is no point where we can separate the prophet from the agitator. Democracy was born out of a holy discontent; the leaders of progress, the captains of the advance, are always accompanied by the roll of the drum, the piercing shriek of the fife and the stimulating call of the bugle. The army of humanity never moved forward in the past and never will move forward in the future without the sounding of the reveille, the long roll, the marshaling of forces and the deploying of skirmishes.

Patrick Henry's proverbial speech is the commonplace of progress and reform, "Gentlemen, you may cry 'Peace!' 'Peace!' but there is no peace."

Alas for the preacher who in this glorious age of progress, in the face of the splendid issues, in the presence of burning questions and brave spiritual adventures, deals only in lullabyes, who discovers no sins in high places, no dangers in power, no corruption in wealth, nothing to find fault with. Unless the Bible, the textbook of the pulpit and the church, is indeed an old book whose precepts and standards have been outgrown, there is no warrant today for the preachers of complacency, no justification for a social gospel of contentment or civic satisfaction. As I read the story of Israel's prophets and apprehend the spirit of the Nazarene carpenter, they were all "prophets of discontent," denouncers of the unconsecrated wealth of those who have bartered away the joys and the rights of others and trespassed upon the rights of widows and orphans.

There has been advance, a mighty advance, in many directions; things are not as bad as they used to be, and still the old texts carry present truths; there are still those who have "sold the righteous for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes," and the moneychangers still desecrate temple places.

This pulpit is distrustful of panaceas. I know of no formula by which the ills of society can be cured; I can see but a little way into the dark problems of the hour, the proper adjustment of capital and labor; how to secure to each man, woman and child the right to be held at their maximum value, the freest development of their God-given powers and the fullest intercourse with their fellow beings, the greatest revenue and nourishment nature has in store for them. But I am sure all these come along the line of what the poet has called "the ferment of a holy discontent." I am sure also that the well-being of the foremost, whether it be in morals or in finances, is inseparably connected with the well-being of the hindmost.

So I rejoice in the exposures of the social physician, the revealments of municipal clinics, the academic discoveries in the social laboratory. I am persuaded that religion today finds its noblest expression, not in theological disputations about the nature of God, but in the elevation of God's children. Piety today is not exemplified chiefly by our curiosity concerning the future; no, not even by a faith in the immortal life, but in our interest in the life that now is; our sympathy with the unfortunate, our determination to help the helpless, to "go shares with the unlucky," as Felix Holt put it; to bear the burdens of the poor and to ameliorate the woes of the rich.

Let us lend our ears for a little while to the cry of the children, a cry which is as old as civilization, a cry made audible at the very dawn of Christianity. An offense against the child called forth the severest denunciation of the Master.

> "Whomsoever shall cause one of these little ones to stumble, * * * it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea,"

is a text as full of suggestion to the community as to the individual. An offense against the child brings swift and sure damnation to the state as well as to the soul.

H. G. Wells, in his notable book on "The Future of America," tells of how he, an English visitor to our great towns, witnessing the general prosperity, the free spending, the confident pride, was led to discover the underside of things in America. One night, riding through the subways of New York at two o'clock in the morning, after one of his studies—but let me use his own words:

> "I became aware of a little lad sitting opposite me, a childish-faced, delicate little creature of eleven years old or so, wearing the uniform of a messenger-boy. He drooped with fatigue, roused himself with a start, edged off his seat with a sigh, stepped off the car, and was vanishing up-stairs into the electric glare of Astor Place as the train ran out of the station.
>
> "'What on earth,' said I, 'is that baby doing abroad at this time of night?'
>
> "For me this weary little wretch became the irritant center of a painful region of inquiry. 'How many hours a day may a child work in New York,' I began to ask people, 'and when may a boy leave school?'
>
> "I had blundered, I found, upon the weakest spot in America's fine front of national well-being. My eyes were opened to the childish newsboys who sold me papers, and the little bootblacks at the corners. Nocturnal child employment is a social abomination. I gathered stories of juvenile vice, of lads of nine and ten suffering from terrible diseases, of the contingent sent by these messengers to the hospitals and jails. I began to realize another aspect of that great theory of the liberty of property and the subordination of the state to business, upon which American institutions are based. That theory has no regard for children. Indeed, it is a theory that disregards women and children, the cardinal facts of life altogether."

Mr. Wells was shocked into thoughtfulness by this little telegraph messenger some four years ago. Fortunately, others were taking note of this ominous and sure sign of degeneracy, so that the four years that have intervened have created a literature on child labor and a large code of legal enactments in city, state and nation. The little messenger boy stimulated Mr. Wells's study, and he found that there were at that time "1,700,000 children under fifteen years of age toiling in fields, factories, mines and workshops, and not less than 80,000 children, most of them little girls, employed in the textual mills of this country." He saw hundreds of little breaker boys, ten or eleven years of age, sitting in the chutes of the Pennsylvania coal mines for ten or eleven hours a day, picking the slate and other impurities from the coal as it shot by, sometimes caught and mangled in the machinery, sometimes slipping into the chute and smothering to death, and sometimes dying an early death from coal miners' asthma and consumption.

No wonder that to him the 1,700,000 children in the United States, practically uneducated, toiling and growing up darkened, marred, and dangerous, seemed to forecast the future of America.

Our own John Graham Brooks, a more competent witness perhaps, shows in his "Social Unrest," from carefully compiled statistics, that in the cotton mills of the South, from 1890 to 1900, while the increase of men workers over sixteen years of age during the decade was only 79 per cent, the increase of women over sixteen was 158.3 per cent, and the increase of children under sixteen years of age was 270.7 per cent. In 1901, 18 per cent of the whole employed force in the cotton mills were under fourteen years of age. Of the 45,044 textile operators in the cotton mills of North Carolina in 1901, 8,000 of them were children under fourteen years of age, and the average wage of the child was 29 cents per day.

But statistics of this kind are no sooner published than they are outgrown. *Charities,* the best authority in current publication on such subjects, in the issue for January 18, 1908, gives the result of the labors of a joint committee of child labor in the city of New York for the year 1907, in the one apparently innocent, comparatively recent and little known industry of artificial flowers. The laws of the state of New York, as of Illinois, absolutely forbid the employment of children under fourteen years of age in factories, stores or other working places. But in their own homes little children are kept busy through the long hours of the day and late into the evening, making roses at 8 cents a gross, or three-fourths of a cent a dozen. One family, consisting of a daughter, 18, the mother, and two little sisters, Angelina and Catherine, earned 80 cents a day in making, counting and bunching 1,440 small roses. The two little girls attended school during the day and worked at night. Their records in the school were, "Effort and deportment good; proficiency low." Of Catherine, the younger, the teacher said, "The child is very sleepy during school hours."

On the same floor were four other children: Vito, 14; Katy, 12; Jennie, 9, and Antoinette, 7. They were making "June buds" at 8 cents a gross. Their total earnings, even with the wages of the mother and older sister, were from 50 to 60 cents a day.

On the next floor, little Michael, 13 years of age, and his mother, were making paper flowers. Across the hall, Maggie, 16; Angelina, 14; Josephine, 8; Tony, 6, and Frank, at 4 years of age, were making a more complicated kind of rose, for which they received 25 cents a gross; but to make three and a half gross in a day, the family must work late into the evening.

In another place, Julia, aged 10, and Josie, aged 6, helped their mother make flowers at three and a half cents a gross, working in a room where gaslight was necessary during the day time.

Thus the gruesome details are continued through eight or more pages of this journal, summing up the work at the close of the report. The result is tabulated, which shows that between October, 1906, and April, 1907, there were found working in tenement houses in New York City:

3 children under 4 years of age.
21 children under 5 years of age.
23 children under 6 years of age.
44 children under 7 years of age.
45 children under 8 years of age.
76 children under 9 years of age.
71 children under 10 years of age.
62 children under 11 years of age.
90 children under 12 years of age.
76 children under 13 years of age.

In all, 552 children under the legal age of fourteen.

But that is New York society. Distance attenuates the conscience. We say, "They are beyond the reach of our aid; we are not responsible for that city; such things are not to be found in Chicago." But complacency and a comfortable conscience in Chicago are possible only to those ignorant of the facts. If you want to enjoy your luxuries, rejoice in your well-fitting gowns, your becoming hats and comfortable quarters, you had better not trace beyond the plate-glass front of the elegant establishment where you get just what you want—such good effects, such reasonable prices, etc.; you had better not take too much pains to acquaint yourself with the workings of the factory inspection bureau, the truant law and its attendant children's permit to go to work between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. Under the law of Illinois, no child is allowed to work in factories, shops, stores and similar places under fourteen years of age, under any circumstances, and those between the ages of fourteen and sixteen must obtain an age and school permit, which certifies that they are over fourteen and that they have received a minimum amount of school training.

Mrs. Vandervaart, in *Co-operation* for February 15th, the organ of the Chicago Bureau of Charities, gives some interesting statistics in these directions. She says it can be safely said that in the year ending July, 1907, 15,000 working certificates were given to children in Chicago; 957 of these children stood below the fifth grade in their school work, and only 1,901 out of the 15,000 had reached the eighth grade.

The figures furnished me by the State Factory Inspector show that outside the city of Chicago 641 girls and 1,885 boys were at work last year under sixteen years of age, and that a total of 3,900 girls and 6,569 boys were actually found at work in the state of Illinois under this age; that during the year there have been 400 prosecutions of establishments employing 219 boys and 181 girls without age and school certificates; 32 prosecutions for the employment of children, mostly boys, under fourteen years of age. In all, there were 965 prosecutions for violation of the child labor law. The law provides that no child in Illinois under sixteen years of age shall work more than eight hours a day, or that his day's work shall begin earlier than seven o'clock in the morning or continue later than seven in the evening. Most of the other prosecutions were for this violation, but there were also prosecutions for employing children in forbidden occupations and in immoral surroundings.

Of these children under sixteen years of age, whose names and residences are recorded in the Factory Inspector's office, about 764 are employed as cash girls in the State street retail stores and 607 cash and errand boys in the same service; 65 girls and 37 boys are at work in the biscuit business; 205 girls and 13 boys in the candy and confectionery business; 962 girls and 275 boys in the clothing industry; 94 girls and 349 boys in what is classed as metal work; 308 girls and 73 boys in the paper box and bag business.

Think of your own children between fourteen and sixteen at these tasks, and then consult your conscience before you rebuke the "prophets of discontent" and deplore the promulgation of these uncomfortable facts.

The factory inspection law in the state of Illinois is only about fifteen years old. Prior to 1893 there was no conscience expressed in corporate action concerning child labor. In one year 3,000 children—infants, we had better say—were released from premature tasks and the body-blighting and soul-crippling tyranny of shop drudgery, by legislation.

In the state of Illinois there are 102 counties; there are only twenty-five inspectors to cover the whole ter-

ritory, and they are supposed to enforce the requirements of five protection laws, viz:

1. The child-labor law concerning age and standard of education, already alluded to;

2. A structural iron work law, which requires the adequate protection of dangerous machinery;

3. The sweat-shop law, which insists on hygienic conditions for home work;

4. The blower law, which looks toward the adequate ventilation and the protection of the lungs of the employes in steel-grinding, cutlery and similar shops; and

5. The law requiring that ice-cream be manufactured in sanitary shops.

These inspectors, all of them, are political appointees, not under the civil service law. They constitute a part of the party assets and they are expected to contribute their quota of labor and devotion to the perpetuation of the machine that called them into power. And I know whereof I speak when I say that the time was when great industrial institutions in Chicago undertook to escape the requirements of the law, to seek immunity from factory inspection enforcement, by an appeal to the central committee of the party in power, whose chairman sought to ameliorate the severities of the law in order to protect the campaign funds.

But there is a blessed contagion that belongs to justice and a splendid educative element in all efforts to ameliorate the woes of childhood, to correct the wrongs perpetrated upon the innocent and the helpless, and those who sought appointment under these child-protecting laws, at first because they wanted a job with good pay and light work, have been caught in the inspirations of their tasks; have been lifted above party loyalties; have found themselves bold to defy the illicit temptations that undertook to ensnare them, and they have become a national asset, workers in the cause of humanity, believers in progress, agitators in the interest of reform, champions of the weak.

The forthcoming report of our Factory Inspector, Mr. Davies, will show that with the inadequate staff they have covered 215 towns of Illinois and made 62,018 inspections; that 535 places of amusement have been looked into, and that as high as 380 prosecutions have been pushed in one month.

What is true of Illinois is true all over the country. The brightest chapter in American politics today, the most inspiring evidence of vitality, reform—aye, of essential piety at the heart of the republic—is to be found in the stories of our juvenile courts, our probation officers, the compulsory education laws and the attendant truant officers.

Judge Lindsay of Denver has this last year taken a six months' leave of absence from his conspicuous work among the boys of Denver. He is the hero of the newsboys, the prophet of the slums. He has been on a lecture tour through the South, and reports how, slowly but surely, the cry of the children is being heard, and the reconstruction, which the politicians have so clamored against and delayed by their clamor, is surely coming on humanitarian lines. Here, as always, "A little child shall lead them."

In the presence of the baby's cry, even the prejudices of color are ameliorated; the tears on the face of injured childhood make the only wash I know that will remove the black pigment; it makes a wronged pickaninny white.

My friend Judge Feagin, of the inferior court of Birmingham, Alabama, a new son of the old South, the child of a slave-owner, an ex-Confederate officer, himself pitiably crippled by the hardships of his campaignings, started, several years ago, a juvenile court of his own, without state enactment, and, as reported by Judge Lindsay, by means of a system of probation officers, provided through the colored churches, he has started a probation farm by means of which he is "redeeming many of the dangerous class of young negroes who are growing up in southern cities," with remarkable success.

But time forbids further illustration. The cry of the children is reconstructing our politics, reshaping our industries, revising our theology, rebuking our churches, which it will ultimately reconstruct, and is giving us a new psychology, not only of education but of social respectability.

I asked our Factory Inspector, "What is the pressing need in Illinois?" and without a moment's hesitation he replied, "Higher and better enforcement of compulsory education; a raising of the age limit; an increase of the educational standard."

The cry in New York is for an enlargement of the prohibited or supervised industries, a severer limitation on certain employments. What are the demands of the nation? An obliteration on humanitarian and commercial lines of the fanciful and purely arbitrary State line. Commercially, socially, educationally and ethically, the several States of the Union today are more closely allied than were the counties in the State of New York fifty years ago.

Senator Beveridge's national child-protecting law is a profound necessity and the technical difficulties must be overcome. We cannot protect the boys in the glass-blowing industry in Illinois unless the same provision extends to Indiana. The Illinois glass manufacturer protested against the educational standard because "education disqualifies the boys for their use." "We need muscle and not brain in our boys!" he said. But we need brains more than we need bottles.

Our manufacturers and economists exclaim, "This will drive away our industries; we cannot live under these laws!" Why should you live under such conditions? I rejoice every time I hear of an industry being driven out of Chicago by an enforcement of humane regulations. We can dispense with the manufactories that rest on the blood and brain of women and children; we have too much of such stuff. Let us drive them from city to country, from State to State, until, like the other devil-possessed hogs of Gadara, they be driven over the brink and are drowned in the sea.

Whatever comes, the children must be saved. The race-suicide based on a decreasing birthrate is superficial and innocent compared with the race-suicide that murders the born children. The little coffins with a benignant fatality fill the trenches of the potter's field. But the poor little children who die in infancy are fortunate compared with the other children who are permitted to live in imprisoned minds, weakened wills and emasculated nerves.

But the cry of the children comes to us this morning not only from the slums and the work shops. The suffering ones are not alone confined to the mills that drape our bodies, the candy factories that furnish lovers with bon bons, and the artificial flower industry that decorates my lady's hat. There is a pathetic cry that comes from the children at the other end of the social scale. I know not which to pity more, the under-fed or the over-fed child; the victim of poverty or the victim of luxury—the poor cursed child whose vitality, originality, spontaneity and freedom are early overlaid and successfully suppressed by the endless supervisions, the interferences of nurse girls,

governesses, teachers, doctors, the expert educators, and the endless wanderings over sea and land.

Dr. Kuh's awful arraignment of the over-indulgent parent in his article on "The Social Disability of the Jew," in the April *Atlantic Monthly,* is equally true of and applicable to the non-Jew parent. He speaks of that intense adoration of the child that places the physical well-being of the little "offspring" above its spiritual life; the overweening anxiety that denies the child the free play of its physical powers; the doting of the parents who guard the precociousness of their stunted children, yielding a product lacking in physical courage, overimpressed with its own importance, entailing upon it an egotism that extends into its adult years.

The graphically illustrated article in a recent number of the *Saturday Evening Post* on "The Little Children of the Rich" is scarcely overdrawn. There is more hope for the little waif whose bleeding feet mark the rough road of the neglected orphan than there is for the child who has so many homes that he is not permitted to strike the roots of his intellectual, spiritual and social life into any soil. A globe-trotting man or woman provokes a smile, perchance a sneer. But a little child raised on wheels calls for tears and sympathy.

What, then, is the cry of the children to us? More conscience as to the things we eat and wear; more scruples, not only as to how we *win* but as to how we *utilize* our prosperity; more togetherness; co-operative life as expressed in laws must increase with the rapid complications of society, the mighty industries fostered by an unjust and selfish tariff, perpetuated by unregulated combinations, trusts, and an unequal distribution of the bounties of nature and the combined needs of organized society; a widening of our horizon, a merging of city and State into national and international sympathies, legislations, and administrations; not more, but a better, education.

"That poor widow, dependent on the only son, under sixteen years of age," that the critic of the child-labor law has had so much to say about, is found, by careful inspection, to be much rarer than he would have us believe. Steps have been taken, largely by the women of Chicago, to make provision for all such in this city, and the number discovered was surprisingly small. The painful discovery of the child-labor act is the large number of children whose parents ask to put them to work because they cannot get them to go to school—children who are not interested in study. The boys fall out of the High School, not from poverty but from lack of interest or an assumed incapacity. Here the cry of the children becomes extremely distressing.

Far be it from me to discount the popular demand for more technical education. More manual training seems to be the prescription of the competent among educators just now. Let us have more of it, but let us not be deceived. The course of civilization is not from finger-tips to brain, but from brain to finger-tips. You cannot invigorate boys with lathes. The new mother cannot make a new woman—a self-reliant, self-directing, noble woman—out of her daughter by teaching her to hemstitch her own handkerchiefs, to make her own aprons, or to compound a delicious salad; and the father in sending his boy away from home cannot save him from the temptations of the city by presenting him with a combination tool which will serve as gimlet, file, awl, chisel and screwdriver at will.

No; let manual training have its run. The pedagogues of the next decade will find how impotent it is in making character. We must go back of that. We must enlist our children in great causes, stir within them missionary purposes, reveal to them the woes of the world, teach them in some forceful fashion that they are members of a larger home, factors in a great movement, privates in a noble army. Give them a purpose, a consecration; let the "light that never was on sea or land" flash upon them, and we must ourselves lead the way. Then, and not till then, will we have a prosperity that will court inspection; then wealthy men will carry, as Ruskin suggested, glass pocket-books, and they will not be afraid of discussion or agitation, but they will be anxious to discover new ways of enforcing the ever old new gospel of brotherhood. They will realize that he who gives "a cup of cold water to one of these little ones" gives it to God and the Christs of God; and that he who has "caused a little one to stumble" has hung a "millstone about his neck" that is dragging him to the bottom of the sea of disaster, disgrace and woe.

Heaven help us to hear and to heed the cry of the children. Let the cry be made more audible; let it be emphasized, illustrated on the outer walls of our sky-scraping buildings, painted on our billboards, repeated in our pulpits, and studied in the prayer places of the soul.

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### The Touch of Nature

There is a cleanliness which is too clean, and is then barrenness. This is recognized by the artist-philosophers in Japan whose aim is to make the home life sweet and beautiful. Artistic manners in Japan began with the etiquette of tea drinking, round which has developed a domestic ritual. Its expert devotees are called tea-masters. Some of the tea-masters have been very great artists and the founders of schools of painting. One of these was Rikiu. A story, told of him in the little "Book of Tea," written by a Japanese author, Okakura-Kakuzo, illustrates the tea-masters' idea of cleanliness.

Rikiu was watching his son Shoan as he swept and watered the garden path.

"Not clean enough," said Rikiu, when Shoan had finished his task, and bade him try again. After a weary hour the son turned to Rikiu.

"Father, there is nothing more to be done. The steps have been washed for the third time, the stone lanterns and the trees are well sprinkled with water, moss and lichens are shining with a fresh verdure; not a twig, not a leaf have I left on the ground."

"Boy," chided the tea-master, "that is not the way a garden path should be swept."

Saying this, Rikiu stepped into the garden, shook a tree and scattered over the garden gold and crimson leaves, scraps of the brocade of autumn. What Rikiu demanded was not cleanliness alone, but the beautiful and the natural also.—*Exchange.*

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### After Storm—Silence

The thunder has gone from the spent rain-cloud,
The light in the valley is dim;
The wind is asleep—once stormy and loud,
And fitfully harsh with the trees it bowed
O'er the pools that filled to the brim.

All silent and sweet is the vesper hour,
And deep is the vault of the sky;
The soul now awakes, and thrills with the power
That hurls the red bolt, when the storm-clouds lower;
And the spirit of God seems nigh.

—*Edson B. Russell.*

### The Conquest of Yellow Fever

So interesting are great events and great deeds that we are apt to despise the realm of little things. I strongly believe that the kingdom of Lilliput is more important than that of Brobdingnag, for attention to small duties is the only path to great achievement. To show how true this is, let me remind you that one of the great achievements of the last century, the control of the dreadful yellow fever, was accomplished by fixing the attention upon an object so insignificant that for centuries it had gone unheeded.

Yellow fever, like the plague, the cholera, and other kindred diseases, is found in suitable climates at all times; but at intervals it spreads from its center and becomes an epidemic. The plague and the cholera are now pretty much confined to eastern Europe and Asia; but yellow fever has existed for centuries in the southern United States, whence, from time to time, it has spread northward along the Atlantic seaboard as far as Philadelphia and New York, or even as Nantucket Island and Halifax. In a little over a century there have been three great epidemics of yellow fever in the United States: in 1793, in 1853, and in 1878.

The epidemic of 1793 was especially severe in Philadelphia, where it lasted from early August to late November. Another terrible visitation was in New Orleans in 1853, but the greatest was the epidemic in New Orleans and Memphis in 1878. An excellent account of it has been left by Mr. J. M. Keating, a citizen of Memphis, who stayed in the city throughout the epidemic and gave what help he could to the unfortunates. The pestilence began in May, but not until August did it excite alarm. Then the city became panic-stricken.

"Men, women and children," says Keating, "poured out of the city by every possible conveyance—by hacks, buggies, wagons, furniture-vans and street-drays; away by bateaux, by boats, by anything that could float on the water; and by the railroads, the trains on which were so packed as to make every step of the way to St. Louis or Cincinnati a positive torture. . . . The aisles of the cars were filled and the platforms crowded."

Those left in the city saw the usual scenes of cruelty, and also, it is good to remember, the usual instances of kindness. Much good was done by the Howard Association, named after the English philanthropist. Its members nursed the sick, relieved the destitute, and cared for the dead. Their work will always remain, as Keating says, "a monument of human love." This epidemic was particularly widespread. It raged through nearly the whole South, and like all others, lasted until the autumn brought frost and cool weather. But although people noticed this, no one thought of connecting it with the mosquito.

The loss by yellow fever is probably greater than by any disease except cholera and the plague. No treatment has ever been found of marked benefit. New Orleans has lost at different times forty-one thousand three hundred and forty-eight lives from it; Philadelphia, ten thousand one hundred and thirty-eight; Memphis—in 1878 alone—fifty-one hundred and fifty, and Norfolk, Va., in 1855, over two thousand. But these deaths, terrible as the number is, do not represent the whole loss. The pecuniary loss is great; directly, in sums spent to relieve the sufferers and to control the disease, and indirectly, through the injury to business. For example, the direct loss to the country in 1878, when the disease was widespread, was estimated as not less than one hundred millions of dollars.

During the epidemic of 1793 the nature of yellow fever began really to be studied, and then began the long debate between physicians as to the contagiousness of the disease. This was discussed for years, until, indeed, the rise of the theory of "fomites."

According to this the disease was conveyed by invisible particles given off by the sick, and spread by their clothing and articles used by them. This idea was accepted, and an elaborate system of disinfection was introduced at all seaports to exclude the fomites. In New York, for instance, great screws were bored into bales of goods, and then steam was forced into the holes to kill the fomites. All such expensive precautions were mere waste of time and money; they did not touch the real cause of offense.

I have mentioned the horrors of yellow fever and dwelt upon the trouble and the expense of attempts to control it because I want you to appreciate our present blessing of immunity, and to realize the debt of gratitude we owe to the men who gave it to us.

The time came at last when the problem of yellow fever was to be solved. Several times the secret had been nearly guessed.

In 1848 Dr. J. C. Nott, of Mobile, wrote a paper in which he insisted that yellow fever must be carried by some insect which kept close to the ground, and suggested the mosquito. In 1881 Dr. Carlos J. Finlay, still living in Havana, declared that if a yellow fever patient was bitten by a mosquito of a particular species, which he named, and if the mosquito afterward bit some one else, the second patient would have the disease.

After Doctor Finlay's suggestion, the mosquito was not mentioned in connection with yellow fever for nearly twenty years. Scientific people were agreed that the only thing to do was to find its germ, as had already been done in the case of tuberculosis, of malaria and of typhoid fever. Several claimed to have discovered it, but careful investigation always showed that they were mistaken.

At last, just at the close of the century, came the right man, and with him two associates, who again took up the problem and solved it by practical experiment.

Walter Reed was born at Farmville, Va., on September 13, 1851. He was educated at private schools and at the University of Virginia medical school. At twenty-four he became a surgeon in the United States army. When still very young, Doctor Reed made up his mind that what he wished most to accomplish was something which would relieve human suffering. This desire never forsook him.

As an army surgeon he lived for eighteen years in remote places, most of the time on the Western frontier, where there were no facilities and no time for scientific work. But in 1900, when Doctor Reed, then forty-nine years old, had for some years been stationed in Washington, where he was able to pursue scientific studies, an outbreak of yellow fever among the American soldiers at Havana gave him his opportunity. The United States government placed him at the head of a commission to investigate the disease. Dr. James Carroll, of the army, Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, of Johns Hopkins University, and Dr. Aristides Agramonte, a Cuban gentleman, who, having had yellow fever, was considered "immune," were the other members.

The first thing Doctor Reed did in Cuba was to study carefully the cases of yellow fever which he saw there. He soon concluded that there was no truth in

the doctrine of fomites. He next decided that it was useless to spend time in looking for the germ of yellow fever, but that the thing to do was to find out how the disease spread. To this end, he concluded to test the suggestion made by Doctor Nott and Doctor Finlay, that the disease is carried by the mosquito.

Now there was one way only to prove such a theory, and that was by experiments upon human beings. If a mosquito which had bitten a yellow-fever patient were allowed to bite a well person, and the well person within a short time developed yellow fever, there would be every reason to accept the mosquito theory, although it would be necessary to repeat the experiment a number of times before the theory was established. Doctor Reed and his associates agreed that one of them ought to be the first subject. Doctor Carroll volunteered to risk his life for the purpose.

Doctor Lazear applied a mosquito of the species suggested by Doctor Finlay to a patient in the yellow fever hospital, and then, nearly two weeks afterward, to Doctor Carroll. Four days later Doctor Carroll fell ill of the disease, from which he barely escaped with his life.

Before Doctor Carroll had recovered Doctor Lazear contracted the disease also from a mosquito bite received in the yellow fever hospital. He was sitting with the yellow fever patients when he noticed a mosquito on his hand. Instead of brushing it off, he let it remain until it had bitten him severely. Five days later he was taken ill with the disease, and then, and not till then, did he tell the others what had happened. He was sure he had taken the disease from the mosquito.

For a while he did fairly well, but on the fourth day he became worse, and on the eighth day he died. He had given his life for the cause he served as truly as any soldier in battle. As his friend Doctor Carroll says, "He died that his fellow men might live in comfort and happiness. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds, nay, thousands, in the Southern States owe their lives, and certainly their prosperity, to the work in which he was engaged, and for which he and his family have paid such a fearful penalty."

His death was a terrible loss to the commission. His abilities were great, and his fine character and affectionate nature made him greatly beloved.

Doctor Reed and Doctor Carroll decided that there was now enough proof of the mosquito theory to justify further experiments on human beings, provided, of course, that these understood the risk fully, and gave their free consent. A station named Camp Lazear was built, and Congress appropriated money to reward volunteers.

When all was ready, Doctor Reed was told that two men wished to see him. There were two young privates from the regiment stationed at Havana. Both were from Ohio. Their names were John R. Kissinger and John J. Moran.

They had heard of the intended experiments, and wished to offer themselves for the purpose. Doctor Reed explained fully the suffering and danger which they would have to endure, but they were not daunted. Then he spoke of the money reward, but both young men promptly declined it. They said that they had volunteered for humanity's sake, and they made it a condition that they should not be paid.

Doctor Reed, greatly moved, touched his cap to them. "Gentlemen, I salute you," he said.

"In my opinion," he has said since, "this exhibition of courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the United States army."

Kissinger underwent the first experiment in Camp Lazear. On December 5, 1900, he was bitten by five infected mosquitoes, that is, mosquitoes which had bitten a yellow-fever patient, and on December 8th he was sharply attacked by the disease. For several days he was so seriously ill that Doctor Reed was most anxious, but finally he made a complete recovery.

Moran's turn came next, but he did not then take the disease. Later, however, in the course of another set of experiments, he was again inoculated, and had a well-marked attack which established the point then in question. Other experiments followed, and afforded abundant evidence that mosquitoes carry the disease.

But it was also necessary to show conclusively that yellow fever is not carried by means of fomites.

A tiny house was built. It had one room with two small windows and a door all on the same side, so that as there could be no draft through the room no germs could be blown away. The atmosphere was kept warm and moist. Three large boxes, containing sheets, pillow-slips and so forth, used by the yellow-fever patients were brought from the hospital at Havana.

Three volunteers, Dr. R. P. Cooke, an army surgeon, and two privates, Folk and Jernigan, unpacked these unpleasant articles and made up the beds with them, hanging all not so used round the room. In these beds they slept for twenty nights, and at one time actually used the shirts which the yellow-fever patients had worn. Yet not one had yellow fever, and the commission felt it had proved that yellow fever is never due to fomites.

Other experiments cleared doubtful points connected with the mosquito theory. I wish I could describe these, but there is room only to state the conclusions drawn from them, as follows:

Only the female of the mosquito, named *Stegomyia fasciata,* carries yellow fever.

The mosquito cannot infect any one until at least twelve days after biting a yellow-fever patient.

These experiments finished, Doctor Reed returned to the United States, and Doctor Carroll followed him soon afterward. The next summer, however, Doctor Carroll returned to Cuba to perform other experiments necessary to the perfection of the work.

He proved that the mosquito can infect for at least fifty-seven days after biting the yellow-fever patient, and he also found that the specific germ of yellow fever, for which so many people had sought in vain, is almost certainly ultramicroscopic.

The only means of protecting cities and persons from yellow fever is the destruction of the mosquitoes and the larvæ, or "wrigglers." Fortunately, this is easy and cheap. It has been tried several times with entire success. At Havana in 1901 the disease was thus completely and promptly stamped out. The same thing occurred in New Orleans in 1905, although as the theory was not fully accepted, success came more slowly.

The method of killing the mosquitoes is this: The city or town is divided into sections, and squadrons of workers under the control of a central office visit every house where a case of yellow fever is reported.

All the windows having been closed and the chimney stopped up, pots containing sulphur—or pyrethrum—are placed in the rooms, and a little alcohol is poured on each. The rooms are darkened except for one spot of bright light. Then the men, setting fire to the alcohol, go quickly out, shutting the door and carefully pasting paper over its cracks.

The mosquitoes, stupefied by the burning sulphur,

crawl to the light, so that they are found collected when the room is opened. At the end of about four hours the men return, sweep up all the mosquitoes, carry them away and burn them.

To destroy the mosquitoes, however, is not enough; their eggs and larvæ must also be killed. The female mosquito deposits her eggs on stagnant water, where they float until hatched. The thing to do, therefore, is either to get rid of the water or else to prevent the eggs from hatching. To accomplish this, all streets are swept free of puddles. Pools of standing water, whenever possible, are filled up, and all cisterns, water-tanks and the like are covered by the working squadrons with kerosene oil. If this work is done as soon as a case of yellow fever is reported, there will never again be an epidemic of the disease. And if mosquitoes are systematically destroyed wherever they exist, there will be no yellow fever at all, for a case of yellow fever without a mosquito is an impossibility.

At the close of his yellow-fever work in Cuba Doctor Reed taught for two years in Washington. It was a source of great happiness to him that his heart's desire had been granted, and he had been permitted to make a discovery which diminished suffering throughout the world. But he had worked so long and so hard in the service of his fellow men that his health began to fail. In November, 1902, he was attacked by appendicitis, and had to undergo an operation. Brave for himself, he was anxious about his wife and daughter.

Just before the operation he said to Major Kean, an old friend, "I am not afraid of the knife, but if anything happens to me I am leaving my wife and daughter so little!" And as he became unconscious, he continued to murmer, "So little, so little!"

He did fairly well at first, but soon began to fail. He died November 22, 1902, at the age of fifty-one. He was buried at Arlington, where Mrs. Reed has erected a monument overlooking the city of Washington, with an inscription which closes with these words: "He gave to man control over that dreadful scourge, yellow fever."

So ended a noble life. Its closing event was one of the greatest scientific discoveries of the century, and the deliverance of the world from a most terrible scourge.

Yet Doctor Reed's work has not received the gratitude it deserves at the hands of his country. The members of his own profession, it is true, have disdisplayed a most hearty appreciation of the distinction conferred upon them all by Doctor Reed's achievements, and they, together with some outsiders, have contributed most generously to a fund for a memorial, which is now nearly completed, but this is entirely the work of individuals; the country has done nothing beyond granting Mrs. Reed a very modest pension.

Doctor Carroll's work was no less valuable than Doctor Reed's. He risked his life in the cause, a risk which circumstances did not call upon Doctor Reed to assume. Moreover, his attack of yellow fever has left him a permanent heart affection which hampers his activities. Yet the United States has made him no acknowledgment whatever.

Doctor Lazear laid down his life for his work, and his colleagues at the university have erected a tablet there to his memory, but the country has done nothing beyond granting his widow and her two little children a pension of a few dollars a month.

I take pains to tell all this, because some who read it may in the future become legislators and have it in their power to influence their country in other affairs of the same kind. Therefore I beg them to remember that the man who makes a scientific discovery which benefits his country and his fellow men is just as much entitled to the gratitude of that country as the man who wins a victory on the battlefield, or sets on foot a great commercial enterprise; and it is the duty of those who administer the affairs of the nation to investigate into the nature of such services, to appreciate them at their true value, and to recompense them by appropriate rewards.

Now to return to the lesson of which I spoke in the beginning—the lesson of little things. The result of Walter Reed's life was a great achievement, but the lesson of his life lies in the little things of every-day occurrence. Whatever his hand found to do he did it with all his might, although for nearly twenty years he expended all his energies and his brilliant abilities on the trivial duties which most of us despise. His life on the frontier was the most arduous and the least distinguished that an American physician can lead, but it was the training acquired in that hard school which taught him a self-reliance and a power of resource without which he would never have accomplished his great work when the moment for it came.

For centuries the scientific world had believed that yellow fever could be controlled or prevented only by the extension of knowledge leading to some great scientific revelation. But Reed overcame this terrible scourge by destroying the little every-day pest, the mosquito, just as David overthrew the giant with a smooth pebble from the brook.—*Howard Kelley, M. D., in Youth's Companion.*

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### A Make-Believe Bee

Lady Henry Somerset has told how her attention was first called to the work of relieving the sufferings of poor city children.

"It was this way," she said. "I was moved in that direction by the rare patience and imagination of one little boy. His example convinced me that patience was one of the qualities I needed most, and in seeking it I grew into that work. I was in a hospital on visiting day while the doctors were changing a plaster cast which held a crippled boy's limb. The operation was exceedingly painful, I was told, yet to my surprise the little sufferer neither stirred or winced, but made a curious buzzing sound with his mouth. After the doctors left I said to him:

"How could you possibly stand it?"

" 'That's nothin',' he answered; 'why, I just made believe that a bee was stingin' me. Bees don't hurt very much, you know. And I kept buzzin' because I was afraid I'd forget about it's being a bee if I didn't.' "—*Exchange.*

---

### "Neither Do I Condemn!"

Yes, once a new man came to earth in guise
  Of all that's sweet and wise and true and strong,
  He moved amid the scenes of sin and wrong—
With pitying heart and uncondemning eyes,
For he himself was pure and he was wise,
  And he was health and strength amid the throng,
  And by his presence brought the cheer of song,
And love that in the angel bosom lies!
Two thousand years his spirit has been ours—
  To love and serve with fellowship divine,
Yet how we waste on war and hate our powers,
  And what sharp crown of thorns for foreheads twine,
And man, yes man, like dog in darkness cowers,
  That with the Christ in love should rise and shine.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

## THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

### Helps To High Living

Sun.—Our affections and beliefs are wiser than we; the best that is in us is better than we can understand; for it is grounded beyond experience, and guides us, blindfolded but safe, from one age on to another.

Mon.—It is good to have been young in youth and as years go on, to grow older. To travel deliberately through one's ages is to get the heart out of a liberal education.

Tues.—Veracity to sentiment, truth in a relation, truth to your own heart and your friends, never to feign or falsify emotions—that is the truth which makes love possible and mankind happy.

Wed.—It is only by trying to understand others that we can get our own hearts understood.

Thurs.—It is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do.

Fri.—All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have time to sign it.

Sat.—To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

### I Thank Thee, God!

For my small cornor of the world—
Blue sea, blue sky and pale green sod,
And whole mountains glistening mistily—
I thank Thee, God!

For deeps where mild syringa droops,
And dogwood-blossoms shyly nod,
And the wild currant swings her crimson lamps—
I thank Thee, God!

For the sweet clover at my door,
Set all day long with golden bees;
The dew drops winked along a blade of grass,
The bending trees;

The slender vine about my porch,
The meadow-lark at dawn that sings—
I thank Thee, God, that I have purest joy
In simple things.

—*Ella Higginson.*

### Lake Tehoe

Lake Tehoe is a wonderful blue lake, as blue as bluing water until you dip it up, and so clear that the stones thirty feet below you on the bottom of the lake look but three feet away. It is up in the high Sierras, 6,700 feet above sea level itself, and with mountains surrounding it 3,000 feet higher.

These mountains are heavily covered with snow in June and October and all summer there are white patches of snow to be seen on them. Rainbow trout and silver trout and cut-throat trout abound in the lake, and must lead interesting lives in eluding the constant fishermen. One was caught last month that was thirty-two inches long and weighed twenty-three pounds. He had a longer life than most of them.

The government has a fish hatching building here where they have about a million little fish at a time to feed and tend until they shall grow to be about two inches long. The greatest infant mortality in fish is before this period and they find that fishes of this length can take care of themselves so well that a large proportion of them grow up to edible size. Perhaps that is not the goal the fish would like to contemplate, but he doesn't contemplate it and is given a far better chance of a long life than if he was left entirely to the devices of nature. So there are mutual advantages.

When the fish reach the proper size they are taken in buckets of water and "planted" up the streams and in the smaller lakes. Sometimes they are carried several miles on horseback and the caretaker has to stop frequently and stir the water so as to oxidate it. This does quite as well they say as changing the water, which would be quite impossible on some of the journeys.

We are interested in the fish scientifically but also very practically. With a household of seventeen and more at a distance, the feed problem is serious. Tehoe trout on the table, broiled or fried or baked or put in a chowder is a thing as desirable in its way as the carefully tended nursery of wiggling little fishes.

The life here is free and active and simple, with some time to read and think and more to row and swim and walk, and with a refreshing vacation atmosphere. Picnics with babies and grandmother and all ages between are a specialty. Might all our friends be with us!

E. T. K.

August 6, 1908.

### Preseribing for a Convalescent

"I don't know why I don't get well faster!" sighed little Mrs. Deming. "I ought to, with poor Betty running herself off her feet to wait on me. I'm worried to death about her."

"Oh, it won't hurt her," responded Miss Penelope, cheerily, "but it will you, Louisa, if you worry. You mustn't. You must occupy your mind. Haven't you anything to read?"

"I can't read, Penelope," confessed the invalid, sadly. "I've been a busy woman, and I've lost the habit; and now I *can't*. Even poetry, that I used to be so fond of. I've let myself grow to be good for nothing but household drudgery, and now I'm sick, and not even good for that."

"Nonsense, Louisa!" said Miss Penelope. Departing, she paused at the kitchen, where Betty still clattered belated dishes, and demanded:

"Do you ever sing at your work?"

"Of course not!" cried Betty. "Mother never cared for music, and do you think I'd worry her now she's sick?"

"Musician's music — your kind — she doesn't care for," assented Miss Penelope, "but simple, lovely melodies, carrying lovely words—the old songs that are poems sung—*that* kind would do her good. You try it."

The next day, as the invalid listened wearily to Betty dusting in the next room, and tried to refrain from wondering if she ever dusted the legs of things, the girl's voice began softly, "Flow gently, sweet Afton." She sang it through, and called, "Am I disturbing you, mother?"

"Oh, no!" came eagerly the answer she eagerly awaited. "My mother used to sing that. I didn't know you knew it. Sing the last verse again, please; I want to be sure of the words."

When Miss Penelope called, a few days later, the invalid, pushing aside a fat volume of Burns, greeted her brightly:

"I'm ever so much better. And, Penelope, I find I can read the poets now and enjoy them, after all; and do you know, I really believe I'm beginning to appreciate music, too. And Betty's learning to like housework. She sings over it all the time. Dear child, she says we're acquiring a respect for each other's specialties. It's lovely, anyway. You wouldn't believe how sweet and companionable it sounds to hear—*There!* 'My love is like a red, red rose.' That's one of my favorites; and doesn't she sing it prettily?"—

—*Youth's Companion.*

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## THE FIELD

***"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."***

### Tower Hill Notes

The midweek of the Summer School was designedly a week without a program, but Miss McMinn, by general request, gave two lessons on the trees of Tower Hill, of which twenty-four or more varieties have been noted, and the conductor returned from a lecture trip in southern Illinois and Nebraska in time for one study on the New Testament and one in modern poetry.

The New Testament lesson was on the book of Matthew. Several interesting points of comparison were pointed out between this book and the gospel of Mark. Rev. C. T. Ward, in his "Gospel Development," has arranged the text of the three snyoptic gospels in parallel columns, indicating the differences and agreements to the eye by position and type. The result is effective and often surprising. Here Matthew is seen to be the one of the gospel writers who attempts most distinctly to limit Christianity to the Jews. He evidently desired to preserve the Jewish dignity and prestige. In the story of the Syro-Phoenician woman, where Jesus is made to say, "I was not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel," the writer shows an unmistakable Jewish bias and attempts to give the impression that Jesus had little interest in the Gentiles. Again it is Matthew who adds the reputed saying of Jesus, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church"—the text which has become the cornerstone of the Catholic church. And even Protestantism today is still Petrine rather than Pauline in theology.

Mark seems to have been impressed with the thought that Jesus had from the beginning a consciousness of a Messianic career. Most of the higher critics, however, incline to the opinion that the Messianic consciousness was pressed upon him by his followers, as well as by the logic of events in the last few weeks of his life, while Dr. Nathaniel Schmidt, on the contrary, contends that the Messianic idea was not born until after his death, a spiritual evolution which had become fully ripened by the time the gospels were written.

To harmonize the gospels has been the study of the world of Christian scholars, but liberal scholarship has at last given it up and freed itself from the burden of an impossible task.

Arthur Hugh Clough and Matthew Arnold may be taken to represent the dawn of self-consciousness in English poetry. They were subjective, interpreting the inner thought. They have often been called the poets of unrest and doubt, who came to sing away our faith. Then came Browning, who did the same thing, but looked farther and deeper, and came out triumphantly on the cheerful side of doubt. The Friday evening lesson was drawn from three poems written by three poets of this latter class—Browning, Stephen Phillips and Wm. Vaughn Moody—three poems of conscience and remorse, which the leader said would do duty for any number of brimstone hells fired by the old theology—"Martin Relph," "Cities of Hell" and "The Menagerie." These poems represent a tendency in modern poetry which is not morbid, as some critics have complained, but profound, and interpretative of a relentless spiritual insight.

In the Sunday vesper hour we were told by the leader of his recent visit to the graves of Thomas Lincoln and Dennis Hanks, and the connection was made between those simple, solitary souls who "neighbored on greatness" and the elemental matters dealt with by such poets of home life and natural surroundings as W. D. Nesbit, several of whose poem-sermons were read to illustrate the thought and drive the lesson home.

E. H. W.

*August 10, 1908.*

### Foreign Notes

A JUDGE'S DUTY AND THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM.—Last week I gave you a very characteristic article showing the Swiss love of liberty for themselves and others; today I am minded to give one showing an equally characteristic love of law, the more interesting because it deals with the same episode as the other. This, too, appears in the *Signal de Genève:*

"Some twenty years ago the courts of Vaud sentenced a young Scotch woman to 100 days imprisonment. Of what crime or misdemeanor had she been guilty? Only this: she had, without securing the consent of their parents, gathered about her a little group of children to give them religious instruction. Not a very grave offense, we should say, and one which plenty of good people commit every Sunday without interference. Even in those days one might do as much in French Switzerland, provided one was not a 'Salvationist,' but this Miss Stirling was a *Captain.* So for her case a musty law, enacted about 1830 against the Swiss puritans (*momiers*) was unearthed, under which her condemnation was jubiliantly secured. Appeal was taken to the Federal court, which confirmed the sentence, thus making the scandal complete.

"A certain young man of my acquaintance, in his generous indignation, thought himself justified in abusing the judges who could stoop to such 'quibbling.' His remarks drew down upon him this well-deserved rebuke from one of his elders: 'No one should speak so of the highest tribunal of his country. Federal judges are enlightened, conscientious men and no one may lightly pass judgment on them.' A sensible word which some of our citizens, who have not the excuse of youth, might well ponder today.

"The budding citizen of that day was silenced and reflected. The young foreigner served her hundred days at Chillon, in the midst of respectful sympathy, and never, never, since that time have the Vaudois put any young woman in prison for teaching the Gospel to the children. The federal court of that day might, perchance, by some legal technicality, have evaded this ridiculous, detestable law; instead, it was faithful to its obligation as a court; it applied the law of the land such as it was, not as it would have liked it to be; and in so applying the law killed it. The ridicule and the odium were for those who made the law and those who demanded its application. The former of these, in their graves, were hardly disquieted, and the latter were never so caught again.

"Thus the too hasty protester learns that the business of a court is not to judge the laws, nor to amend them, but to apply them as they stand, good or bad, in their letter and in their spirit. When it so understands its duty, it is above all protest, recrimination or suspicion. It should also be borne in mind that this limited, restricted responsibility is, at times a peculiarly heavy and crushing one for a conscientious man endowed, like any other, with the sentiment of pity. Was it then without significance that Paul Robert, in this very courthouse of Montbenon, gave his figure of Justice an unbending, superhuman expression, at once calm and unspeakably sad?

"As to the right of asylum, what is its philosophy, its elementary and profound significance?

"If I understand it, it is this:

"We Swiss love liberty. We have won it for ourselves and have preserved it by force of will, and by ruder means when necessary. Like us, all those who are struggling for their political liberties are our brothers; they shall have the support of our good wishes, and in misfortune we will offer them a refuge. This is an affirmation of solidarity which may be thus translated: 'In the place of these people we would have done as they do; fortune has betrayed them, we will receive and treat them as our own because they are worthy of us.'

"But can one not see that this conception, by placing very high the right of asylum, also determines its limitations? We receive the high-spirited, true-hearted fugitive, who has tried, according to his ability, to make his way toward more of happiness and freedom.

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But, still, this must have been his aim and he must have pursued it by means worthy of him. If revolution has not in and better government than that it seeks view the establishment of an organized to overthrow; if its only aim is destruction without any well-defined plan of reconstruction, it is not an effort for liberty, but only progress toward anarchy. Or, if having in view a perhaps very clearly defined purpose of liberation, it pursues it by the odious means of sullen extermination, striking down haphazard the innocent with the guilty, has it still a right to the admiration and the protection of peoples more advanced in civilization?

"Would we Swiss, in the place of these men and women, act as they do? Do we accept the solidarity of their acts? That is the question. The answer is at least doubtful.

"Hence, the more one reflects on it, the more one perceives that even the most sincere and enlightened consciences might feel some hesitation when it comes to applying the term politics to all the outrages ordered by terrorist committees.

"Pity, a warm and genuine sympathy for the sufferings of the Russian people and a but too well-justified mistrust in regard to its prison system, have inclined us in this country, to the greatest possible indulgence; yet we must not be satisfied with mere words, nor come to see in every assassin of a Russian functionary, a veritable champion of liberty."

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